

ULTIMATE THOR

MARVEL

HICKMAN • PACHECO • VINES

ISSUE
2

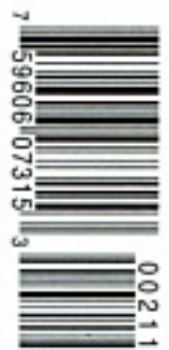


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PREVIOUSLY...



E.U.S.S. HIGH COMMAND, PRESENT:

Thorlief Golmen, a man enrolled in the European Super-Soldier Program spirals into a psychological delusion, believing that he is a Norse god lost among men. Professor Braddock, the head of Europe's super-soldier initiative can't determine the source of the subject's problem. He recruits the mysterious Dr. Blake for help.

ASGARD, AGES AGO:

Norse gods and brothers Thor, Loki and Balder fight to defend the kingdom of Asgard, the home of the gods, from the Frost Giants of Jotenheim. Though their battle is successful, the war against the Frost Giants is long from over. As Ragnarok, the end of all things, nears, Odin the All-Father, seeks to mold a powerful weapon, the Mjolnir.

NAZI GERMANY, 1939:

Baron Zemo plots Nazi domination by revealing the way to do so—the power of the sacred runes which gives access to the mystical Asgard and its plunder. But first they'll need a little help from Asgard's vengeful enemies, the Frost Giants...



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THE DOME, BRUSSELS.
EUSS HIGH COMMAND.

I THINK I
FINALLY HAVE
SOME ANSWERS FOR
YOU, PROFESSOR
BRADDOCK.

NOW.

I WOULD
HOPE SO.

YOU'VE BEEN
TESTING FOR OVER
A WEEK--ENOUGH TIME
TO BE MORE THAN
THOROUGH.

THAT'S MY
FATHER'S WAY OF
SAYING "THANK YOU,"
DOCTOR BLAKE.

YES, WELL,
NO STONE
UNTURNUED.

AND ANY
THANKS MAY BE
PREMATURE...AS WHAT
I'VE DISCOVERED
MAY LEAD TO EVEN
MORE DIFFICULT
QUESTIONS.

TO BEGIN--I
CAN FIND NOTHING
WRONG WITH THE PATIENT'S
PHYSIOLOGY. IN FACT, HE IS IN
PERFECT HEALTH. BETTER THAN
THAT ACTUALLY...BUT IT'S
NOT REALLY WHAT'S OF
INTEREST HERE.

THIS
IS WHAT YOU
NEED TO LOOK
AT...

WHEN IT BECAME
OBVIOUS THAT HIS
CONDITION...

HIS
INSISTENCE ON
BEING A REBORN
NORSE GOD...

...WAS NOT
A PHYSIOLOGICAL
PROBLEM BUT A POTENTIAL
PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER.
I DECIDED TO QUESTION
HIM WHILE CONDUCTING
AN MRI SCAN.

AS HE TOLD
ME ABOUT HIS FATHER,
ODIN, HIS BROTHERS, A
PLACE CALLED
ASGARD, ETC...

I COULD
SEE SPECIFIC
AREAS OF HIS
BRAIN SHOWING
ELECTRICAL
ACTIVITY.

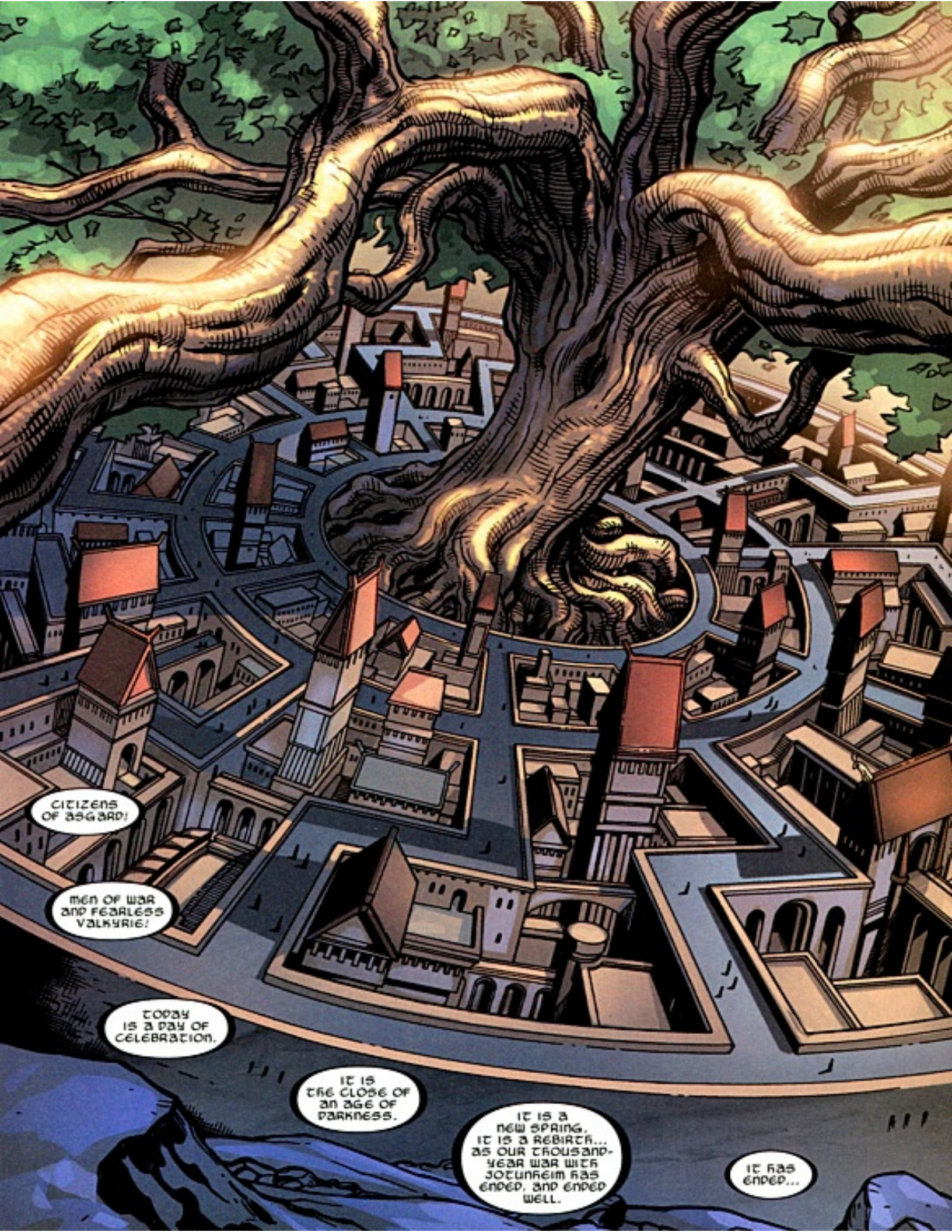
I FOLLOWED
THAT LIGHTNING
AND IT LED ME
TO THIS:

THESE
SCANS SHOW
ACTIVITY IN BOTH
THE HIPPOCAMPUS
AND THE
NEOCORTEX.

DOCTOR,
YOU'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO EXPLAIN
WHAT THAT
MEANS.

IT MEANS YOU
HAVE A PROBLEM,
GENTLEMEN...BECAUSE
HE IS NOT MAKING
THIS UP.

HE IS
REMEMBERING.



CITIZENS
OF ASGARD!

MEN OF WAR
AND FEARLESS
VALKYRIES!

TODAY
IS A DAY OF
CELEBRATION.

IT IS
THE CLOSE OF
AN AGE OF
DARKNESS.

IT IS A
NEW SPRING.
IT IS A REBIRTH...
AS OUR THOUSAND-
YEAR WAR WITH
JOTUNHEIM HAS
ENDED, AND ENDED
WELL.

IT HAS
ENDED...

ASGARD.

...WITH
VICTORY!

AGES AGO.





AND THE OLD LION, VOLSTAGG!

FANDRAL THINKS YOU SHOULD WATCH OUT FOR THE FAST ONE.

AND FOGUN WARNS BE WARY OF THE STRONG ONE.

FIG! JUST HAND ME THE BIGGEST STICK, BOYS...AND I'LL AIM FOR ALL THREE.



AND TO THE CHAMPION...

SPOILS, INCLUDING THE FAVOR OF OUR LORD, ODIN, AND THE HAND OF THE MISTRESS KARNILLA.

PREPARE... FOR BATTLE!



MY LORD... ON YOUR WORD.

BEGIN.



WELL, WHO'S IT GOING TO BE?



251846





SOMEONE HAS TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES...



WE ARE GETTING READY TO ENTER VERY DANGEROUS TIMES, BROTHER.

WHACK



I THINK YOU SUFFERED ONE TOO MANY BLOWS TO THE HEAD, LOKI. WE WON... IT'S OVER.

YES, WE DID. AND IN DOING SO ENDED A STALEMATE THAT HAD EXISTED FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS. DURING WARTIME, WE KNEW WHO WE WERE...

WE KNEW WHO WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE. NOW THAT HAS ENDED...



NOW EVERYTHING CHANGES.

TWACK



CRANGE
UPSETS
THINGS.

CRANGE
CALLS EVERYTHING
INTO QUESTION.

CRANGE IS
CRABOS.

WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF THAT,
BROTHER?



WHACK



I THINK YOU
SHOULD TALK LESS,
LOKI, AND SWING
MORE.



CLAP
CLAP
CLAP

ER?







I AM
HERE.

THE ACCESS POINT NEAR NIEBÜLL

NORTHERN GERMANY. 1930.



I HAVE ANSWERED YOUR CALL AND
ASSEMBLED THE TRUE SONS OF
JOTENHEIM TO JOIN YOUR ARMY...

...NOW TELL
ME YOUR SCHEME
FOR STORMING
HEAVEN.

THERE ARE
PLANS, **MAMMOTH**
OF THE JOTUNN...

AND
PLANS EVEN
DEEPER WITHIN
THOSE.

WHERE
ARE WE?

BUT THEY
START HERE
AND WITH
THIS...

THE
RAINBOW
GATE.





THE MIDGARD REALM.

THE CURSED LAND...

THIS IS FOOLISHNESS.



AND YOU CALL THIS AN ARMY?

CRAP METAL AND LITTLE MEN... YOU THINK THIS RABBLE CAN BREAK THE WALLS OF ASGARD?



FOR ONE THOUSAND YEARS, I HAMMERED AT THEM WITH TITANS...AND YOU OFFER... MEN?



I OFFER VICTORY, MAMMOTH.

THE VICTORY THAT ONLY COMES TO THOSE WITH KNOWLEDGE AND THE CUNNING TO USE IT.

DO YOU WANT TO WAX POETIC ABOUT YOUR MILLENNIUM-SPANNING DEFEAT, OR DO YOU WISH TO SEE HOW WE WILL WIN?



SHOW ME.



ASGARD. AGES AGO.

THE NORN
STONES...

IT IS
SAID THEY
CONTAIN ALL THE
POWER OF THE
ASGARD.

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT
THESE ARE,
TOR?

IT IS
A LIE.

A LIE
THAT HIDES
THE TRUTH.

AND I'D
HAVE THERE
BE NOTHING BUT
TRUTH BETWEEN
FATHER AND
SON.

YOU HAVE A
QUESTION?

"Mjolnir... the hammer you gave me..."

"In the final battle--when we broke Jotunheim-- it came alive."

"It spit lightning, and power-- unimaginable and seemingly unending-- flowed from it and into my body."

"I defeated everyone that I faced."

"I was something greater than I had ever been before. I... I..."

"You were unstoppable."

"Yes!"


"A force of nature."

"Yes!"

"...How?"

"That hammer... the Norn stones... they are all made of the same thing."


"They are avatars of power for this place."



SO WHAT
I FELT... THAT
POWER... IT WAS
ASGARD.

BUT YOU
SAID...

WAIT...
WHY ARE YOU
SMILING?



RAGNAROK
WILL COME ONE
DAY, THOR.
IT WILL.


I WILL DIE
AND EVERYTHING
WILL END.

IT WILL END
BECAUSE ASGARD
HAS NO POWER IN AND
OF ITSELF. IF THERE IS
NO OPIN... IF THERE IS NO
ALL-FATHER... THIS
PLACE WILL SIMPLY
CEASE TO
EXIST.



I AM
ASGARD.


THE SECRET
OF THE STONES...
WHAT LIES IN THEM--
WHAT WAS IN MJOLNIR AND
NOW LIVES IN YOU-- IS A
SMALL PIECE OF ME THAT
WILL SURVIVE THAT
FINAL DAY.




SUCH A GIFT...
IT SHOULD
NOT BE ME.

BALDER.
OR LOKI
PERHAPS...

THAT
CHOICE WAS
NOT YOURS
TO MAKE.




IT
SHOULD NOT
BE ME.



YOU
HAVE A
PURPOSE.

FOR THOR,
SON OF OPIN,
WAS BORN TO WIELD
GREAT POWER FOR
GOOD CAUSE...



AND IN
MIM, I HAVE
CONSIDERABLE
FAITH.





ASGARD.

AGES AGO.

LOKI...

THIS IS
NEITHER THE
TIME OR PLACE
FOR YOU, HALF-
BROTHER.

I WILL
SEE HER,
MAMMOTA...AND
I WILL SEE HER
NOW.

MOVE
ASIDE.

HELLO,
MOTHER.

I UNDERSTAND
YOU HAVE NOT
UTTERED A SINGLE
WORD SINCE
THE FALL OF
JOTUNHEIM.

I WONDER...
IS IT BECAUSE
YOU NO LONGER
HAVE ANYTHING
TO SAY...

OR BECAUSE
THERE IS NOTHING
LEFT TO BE
SAID?



DO YOU
WALLOW IN GRIEF
BECAUSE WHEN I
WAS A BOY, YOU SENT
ME HERE, TO ASGARD,
TO LIVE WITH MY
FATHER...

AND AS
A DIRECT RESULT
OF THAT ACTION, IT
WOULD BE I WHO KILLED
YOUR HUSBAND IN
BATTLE HUNDREDS OF
YEARS LATER?

OR IS
THIS SILENT RAGE
AT THE INJUSTICE
OF NOW LIVING UNDER
THE BOOT OF A MAN
THAT SPURNED YOU?

I KNOW
THAT THE TREATY
MY FATHER FORCED
YOUR PEOPLE TO
SIGN IS FARSE... I
KNOW IT WILL CHAFE,
AND I AM SORRY
FOR THAT.

BUT I
CANNOT KNOW
YOUR MIND UNLESS
YOU SPEAK.

I CANNOT
HELP YOU UNLESS
YOU TELL ME
HOW.



I WANT
TO BE A GOOD
SON...

IF ONLY
TO HEAR YOUR
VOICE, ASK ME
FOR ANYTHING
AND IT IS
MINE.



BRING
ME THE NORN
STONES.



AND SO...
LET CHAOS
REIGN.

NORTHERN
GERMANY.

1030.

OPENING
THE ASGARDIAN
GATE.

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FORWARD!

FORWARD FOR
VENGEANCE AND
THE ENDING OF
THE ÆSIR!







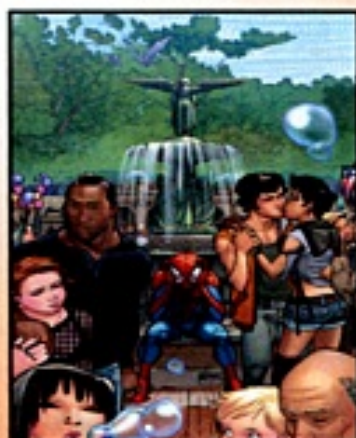


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A GREEN GIANT SCAN

*LIKE IT?
BUY IT!*